273 Along the roadside, steep steps below protecting arches amidst trees and overgrown with brambles and bushes lead down into the wine cellars. On a holiday, many old hands return gladly to the place they were once so eager to leave. One hears familiar salutations—"Grüss Gott, Herr Professor"—"Servus, Franz"—"Servus, Schani".

Such greetings express the brotherhood of those who work amidst the vines, a comradship which seldom dies. However distinguished the position some of them may have attained in the great world beyond, they are glad to return to the comfortable corner seat which was theirs of old—perhaps the more so because it is now unfamiliar. You could do worse than find such a corner yourself one day.

The white candle sputters and drips, held in a black iron spiral, as its gold-tipped flame lightens the surrounding shadows. Glasses hanging from the rough hooks of the black-wood glass-rack, reflect delicate or brilliant hues. The landlord, coming from the barrel with a brimming wine-siphon, takes them down one after the other and lets the thin stream of wine run into them, fragrant with summer, foaming and bubbling. As the traditional toast—"Gesundheit!"—"Good Health!"—goes around, one might think it the password of some secret society.

Day fades unnoticed into night as tongues are loosened and secrets shared. The wine and the earth which nourished it establish their rule over the hearts of men. *In vino veritas*—the inner soul of men, be it good or bad, reveals itself in words while the world beyond is wrapped in silence. Whatever the sounds of the street outside, they fail to penetrate into this roadside cave. Emperors and kings, battles and epochs cease to count. The world is that which lies within the orbit of the flickering candles. Here village school-teachers, priests, professors, doctors, their fathers and their brothers are one!

361 For many, Retz is the fairest town of the wine country. Here, during the dark days of the Thirty Years' War, the first Austrian hymnal was put together; it enshrines the soft and moving lyrics of Mediaeval German. That which Stifter's "Nachsommer" (Indian Summer) expresses in words, is told in stone in the beautiful municipal square of Retz. Below the square and under the houses lies cellar after cellar. In some of them you could drive with a carriage and pair. Above towers and crenellated walls, on the way to the forests higher up, stand two stately windmills, solitary and lovely, with no fellows in all Lower Austria.

133 IN THE MARCHFELD. You once stood day after day as the tireless lark filled the blue heavens with his song, while the great world stirred like a strong man awakening from a sound and refreshing sleep. This world seemed to be one vast wide-stretched field of green and brown, bounded only by the blue-forested Bisamberg and the Carpathians. Between these two were fields of pale, shimmering corn or misty plough-land. Above all arched the mighty dome of the skies.

Up in the Leithagebirge, near the village of Winden is the Ludlloch, a place where, according to the evidence of human remains discovered there, cave men and cave bears lived in the time of the later Stone Age, i. e. 6,000 or 7,000 years ago. Unfortunately there is no means of the times extent, and it is therefore uncertain whether the cave men eat the bears or the cave bears the men. But as there are considerably fewer bears than men in the Burgenland today, it may be safely assumed that the bears headed the list of table delicacies.

The Burgenland is not unfamiliar with the question of land reform. Should the great estates be preserved as grain producing property or should homes be found for thousands of people in new villages? There are arguments on both sides.

A farm is a book of wisdom. The Burgenland owes its fertility to the hard working hands of its farmers who never neglect their soil, and who meet all their trials with placid good humour.

Although nine-tenths of the Burgenland is devoted to agriculture and forestry, it has over 200 industrial undertakings. There are saw-mills, wood-carving centres, parquet-flooring

gleaming pools lie generally 133
beneath heavy masses of clouds whose great shadows move constantly over the inhabitants, houses and flowers. St. Andrä near Frauenkirchen is the place which has a climate in summer similar to that of the Egyptian Helwan. Here, as on the eastern 245
shores of the Neusiedler Lake, flourish almond trees and other plants usually only to be found in the South. Between the lake corner and the heath district lies a strip of specially favoured countryside, one of the chief Burgenland wine districts, with its centre at Gols and Weiden.

The tourist may now find it hard to make a decision: what should come first? Here beckons wine. Ochre yellow is the earth which produces it. Blue shadows toy with every shade of green, that of the firmly tied vines and that of the 273
serrated, dull-surfaced leaves. Soon the glasses sparkle with Ruländer and Furmint, Welschriesling and Blaufränkisch and other famous vintages.

Above the water a silver heron sails 136
majestically through the air, reminding us that the shores of the Neusiedler Lake are unusually well-stocked by nature with wildfowl. In the reed belt surrounding the lake live the grandest varieties of herons; here you also find nests of the bustard, willow-wren and bearded titmouse—a colony of birds such as can be seen nowhere else in Austria. When a flight

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home, humorously naming his small hand coffeegrinder the home of his Holy Spirit. He swore that the best ideas and tones came to him through the monotonous noise of grinding coffee beans, instancing his D-minor-quartette. Beethoven's approved recipe for coffee was sixty beans to a cup.

After a time, chocolate was also served in the coffee houses. When Fernando Cortez landed in Mexico in 1519, he came across the drink of the native inhabitants. This was served ceremoniously in golden cups at the court of Montezuma, the last of the Aztec rulers. The doctors of Europe were of divided opinion concerning the cocoa bean, its oponents being in the minority in Vienna. In 1694 the Vienna Professor Rauch was bold enough to criticise chocolate unfavourably. As a result he lost his position and his book was destroyed. The Viennese stand no nonsense when a culinary addition is called in question.

The lemonade booths were a later development. They were most in demand of course in the summer months and were well supported by women. They were tents set up in public squares where lemonade, "almond milk" and ice-creams were sold. They sprang up on the Graben and Am Hof, on the Bastei, at the Kärntnertor and on the Neuer Markt. In good weather they were sometimes patronised—lover's whispers on summer nights and by bright moonlight—until the dawn.

●273 For the men there were wine-cellars and "Heurige". Austrians drink more than some other races because they eat more, but they are no drunkards. At

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a meal good wine increases the pleasures of the palate, ensuring the thorough digestion of lunch before dinner time comes along. In the 18th century it was the custom for every host to keep a wine list for his guests to choose from. This furthered ambition so that there were houses in Vienna where eighteen to twenty varieties of wine were held in readiness for guests.

YES, THE WINE! Just as the Austrians vary in type according to whether they come from Graz, Linz, Salzburg, Tyrol etc., so does the wine vary. In this Austrian wine scores over most foreign wines. Within the wide choice it affords, every taste can be satisfied. From the light, full-flavoured or the rather sour and thirst-quenching wines to the high-grade *premiers crus*, there is a whole gamut of excellent vintages always ready to satisfy the most exacting demands as to quality and bouquet. As the Viennese combines in himself the qualities of all Austrians, so is Viennese wine typical of the whole country. It embodies the magic of the flowers and the strength of the mountains. Few are privileged to understand and appreciate to the full the multiplicity of often very subtle differences between the various growths. Not to everyone who drinks it does the wine reveal all its soul, all its intimate secrets. It calls for wooing, for a testing; it demands of its devotees love and reverence of tongue and palate.

The vineyards of the country are older than the name of Austria itself. When the transport of wine from Italy for the use of the Roman legionaries on the Danube became difficult, the Emperor Probus lifted the ban on planting vines in the Roman provinces. Then the first vineyards came into being on the sunny hills lining the military road from Aquileja to Carnuntum and on the slopes of the Wienerwald. Subjected like all else to changing history, grape-growing flourished afresh under Charlemagne. The priories and monasteries, the monks of Passau and Salzburg tended the vineyards with loving care. Thanks is still due to them for this today!

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Even in the times of the Babenbergs Vienna was surrounded by a ring of green vineyards. In the 14th century, 18,000 candles per year were used in the Seitzerkeller, below the Tuchlauben. A chronicaiist records at the beginning of the 15th century that gathering the vintage in Vienna lasted for fully forty days and that 500 carts laden with grapes were driven into

renown of Austrian wines far beyond its frontiers.

The Styrian and South Styrian wines have an entirely different flavour. Here one again meets famous names—Schilcher, Portugieser, Sylvaner, Welschriesling, Weissburgunder, Traminer, Muskatsylvaner and Weissklevner.

The colours of the Burgenland provincial banner, red and gold, stand for the wine of the Province. Some fine vintages flourish in the mild climate of the Neusiedlersee. Heavy and golden lies Ruster wine in the glass, a king among wines. Mild and sweet, with an exquisite bouquet, it delights every experienced winebibber.

Sip it reflectively and with moderation! There is a secret about the wine which should only be unveiled with caution. In wine lies power, reality and truth. Let us hope that you, good friend, are a seeker after truth—at least you will become one through the local wines!

Although Austria has always been a wine country, the competition of beer was felt even in the Middle Ages. The right to brew beer lay in the gift of the ruler. In 1430 there was already a "Bierglocke" ("Beer Bell") in the left Heidenturm (Heathen's Tower) of the Stephansdom which rang for working men to cease their labours. At the same time, the tolling of the bell forbade the further sale of beer, and meant that the taverns had to be closed.

A glass of beer on the way home during the warmer months is still the most popular drink. Any genuine Wiener would sooner risk getting the round paunch of a beer-drinker than deny himself this pleasure.